



and

10¢

TIM
HOLT

NO. 38



TIM HOLT

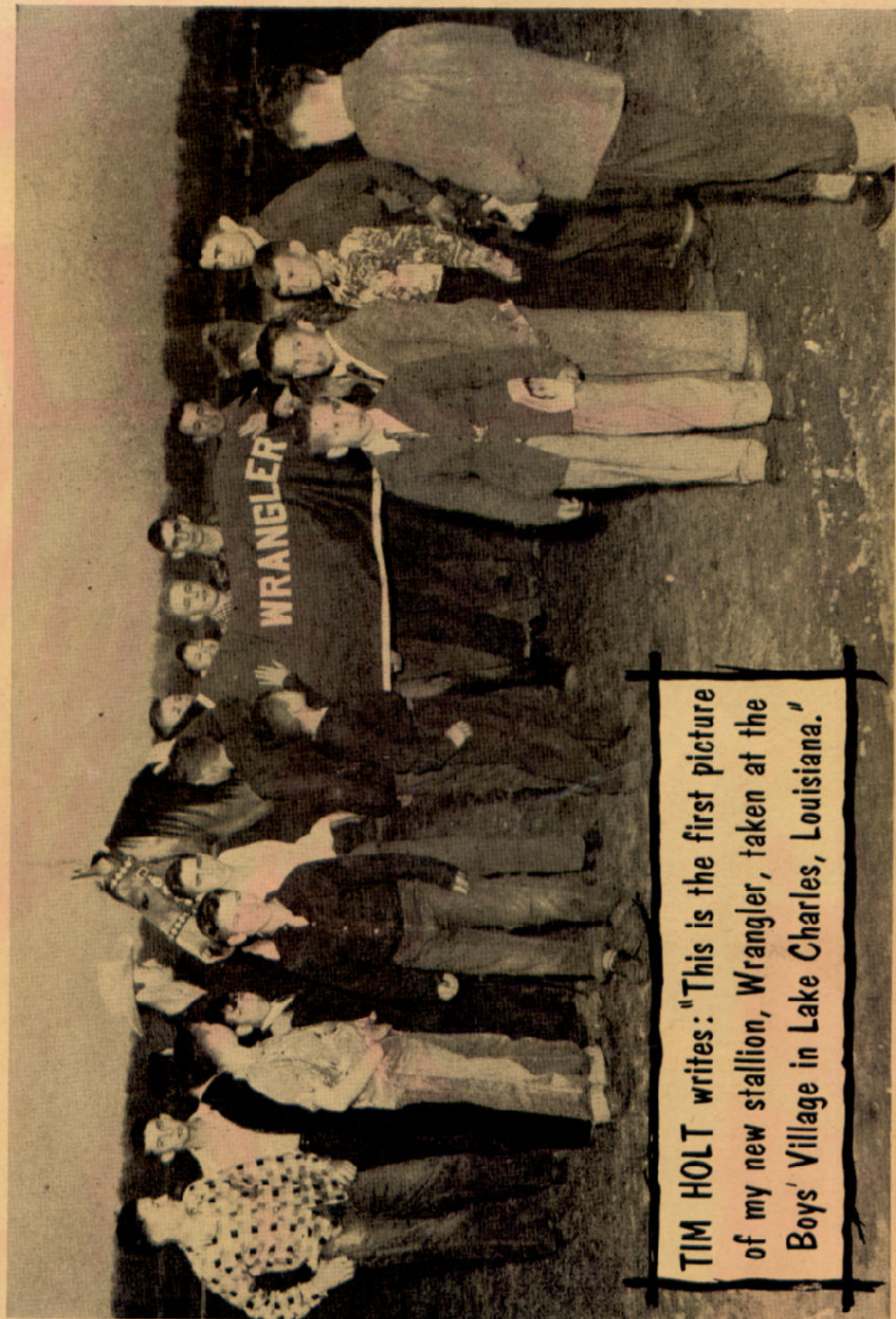
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TIM HOLT writes: "This is the first picture of my new stallion, Wrangler, taken at the Boys' Village in Lake Charles, Louisiana."

TIM HOLT

"THE RETURN OF THE BLACK PHANTOM!"

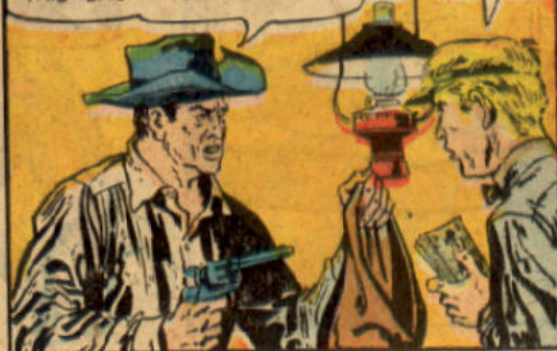
SHE WAS THE MOST GLAMOROUS OUTLAW IN THE ENTIRE WEST. HER BEAUTY WAS BREATHTAKING, AND HER GUNS NEVER MISSED. BUT WHEN SHE WANTED TO GO STRAIGHT, SHE FOUND HER OUTLAW WORLD TURNED AGAINST HER. EVEN **REDMASK** SEEMED TO BE IN ON THE PLAN TO PREVENT HER BECOMING AN HONEST WOMAN.



THE NOONDAY THROG IN THE BULLET BANK IS STARTLED BY A GUTTERAL SHOUT FROM THE OPEN DOORS...



DON'T BOTHER WRAPPING UP THAT MONEY! JUST PUSH IT INTO THIS BAG! AND FILL IT UP!



OUTSIDE THE BANK DOORS AT THAT MOMENT—

BANK HOLDUP! THOSE OWLHOOTS MUST THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS BECAUSE THERE ARE SO MANY PEOPLE AROUND TO PREVENT US FROM SHOOTING AT THEM!



OOOFF!

I DON'T HAVE TO SHOOT TO STOP YOU HOMBRES!

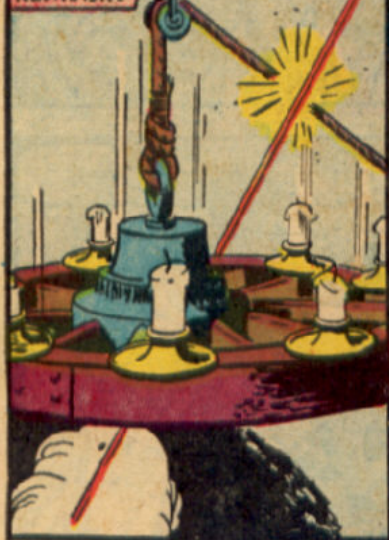


YOU CAN'T WORK SIXGUNS WHEN YOU'RE FALLING!



EXCUSE MY BOOT— BUT I'M COOL TOWARDS HOT LEAD!

THEN FATE DIRECTS THE BULLET FROM THE FLYING GUN— SO THAT IT SNAPS THE CHANDELIER CHAIN OVER THE PRONE REDMASK!



AN INSTANT AFTERWARD—

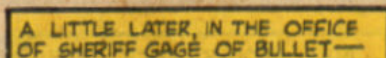
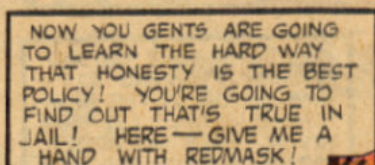
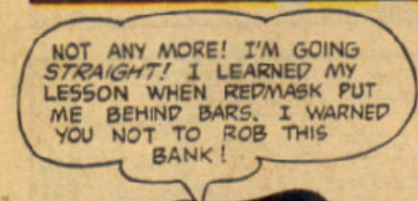
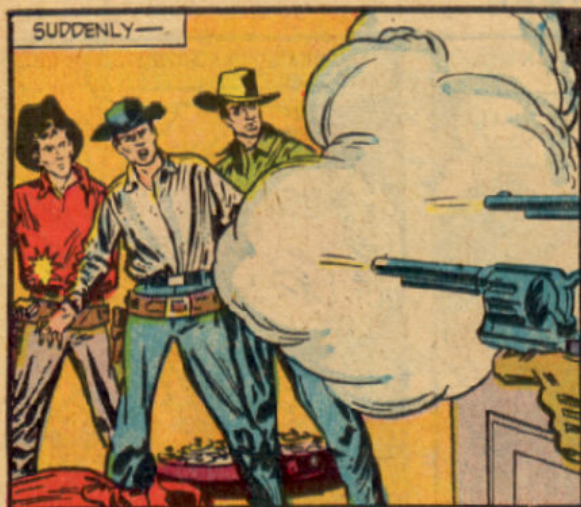
CRAASSHH!

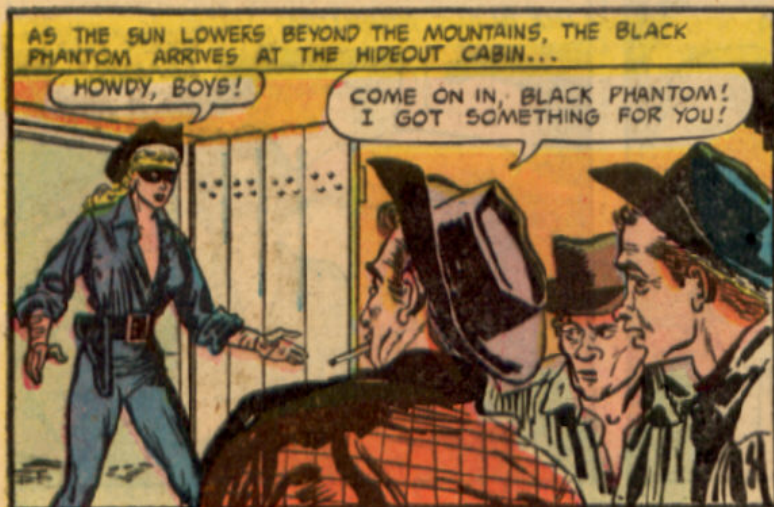


WHAT A BREAK!

GOT HIM RIGHT WHERE WE WANT HIM!









AS REDMASK AND THE SHERIFF RUN FROM THE BANK—

THUNDERATION! NOW THEY'RE FREEING THOSE HOMBRES WE JAILED THIS AFTERNOON!



IN A CLOUD OF DUST, THE ESCAPING OUTLAWS GALLOP OUT OF TOWN...

EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM GOT AWAY! WITH THE WELLS FARGO CASH, TOO!

I'M GOING OUT AFTER THEM, SHERIFF! THE BLACK PHANTOM HAS ME FIGURED FOR A WOOLLY LAMB. I'LL SHOW HER SHE'S WRONG!



COME BACK HERE YOU YOUNG IDIOT! YOU CAN'T TACKLE THAT MANY HOMBRES ALL BY YOUR LONESOME!



AHEAD OF THE FURIOUSLY GALLOPING REDMASK—

ON YOUR FEET, YOU! WE GOT THE CASH IN THE WELLS FARGO SAFE!

AND THEY SPRANG US FROM THAT JAIL WHERE YOU PUT US! WE GOT ONE THING LEFT TO DO!



—AND THAT'S TO PUT YOU IN THIS WICKER CAGE AND HANG YOU TWENTY FEET DOWN OVER THE CLIFF!

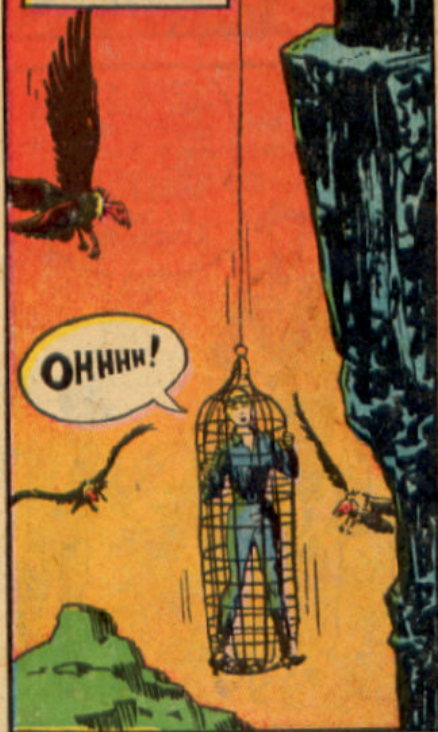


SOMEWHAT LATER, AS DAWN BREAKS ACROSS THE COW COUNTRY...

WHEN YOU GET SO TIRED YOU CAN'T FIGHT 'EM OFF— THE VULTURES WILL EAT YOU ALIVE!

TIM HOLT

HANGING A MILE HIGH IN MID-AIR, THE BLACK PHANTOM STARES IN UTTER HORROR AT THE VULTURES THAT CIRCLE OVERHEAD...



OHhhh!

RECKON *THAT* OUGHT TO SETTLE HER HASH!



THE MINUTES DRAG INTO AN HOUR. THEN...

FUNNY! I TRAILED THOSE OWLHOOTS TO THEIR CABIN, THEN HERE! BUT WHAT DID THEY WANT TO COME TO *THIS* DESOLATE SPOT FOR?



REDMASK!
OHhh —
THANK HEAVENS!

HUH! MAYBE I MISJUDGED YOU! IF YOUR MEN HUNG YOU HERE TO DIE, THEY MUST HAVE TUMBLED TO THE FACT THAT YOU WERE WORKING WITH ME!



CAN'T PULL THAT CAGE UP BY HAND, SO I'LL HAVE TO CUT YOU FREE OF IT, THEN BRING YOU UP WITH ME ON THE ROPE!



THAT'S IT! GRAB MY NECK AND HANG ON WHEN THE CAGE FALLS AWAY!



UNSEEN BY REDMASK AND THE BLACK PHANTOM, THE OUTLAWS RETURN TO JEER AT THEIR FALLEN LEADER. THEIR ARRIVAL LEAVES THE TWO HANGING IN MIDAIR, HELPLESSLY...

WELL, WELL! LOOK WHAT WE CAUGHT WITH THE BLACK PHANTOM AS BAIT!

HEY, THIS GOING TO BE FUN!



TIM HOLT



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You the Million —
But You Realize
That's Impossible



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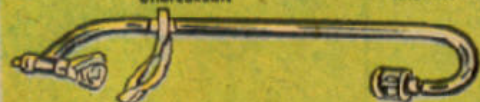
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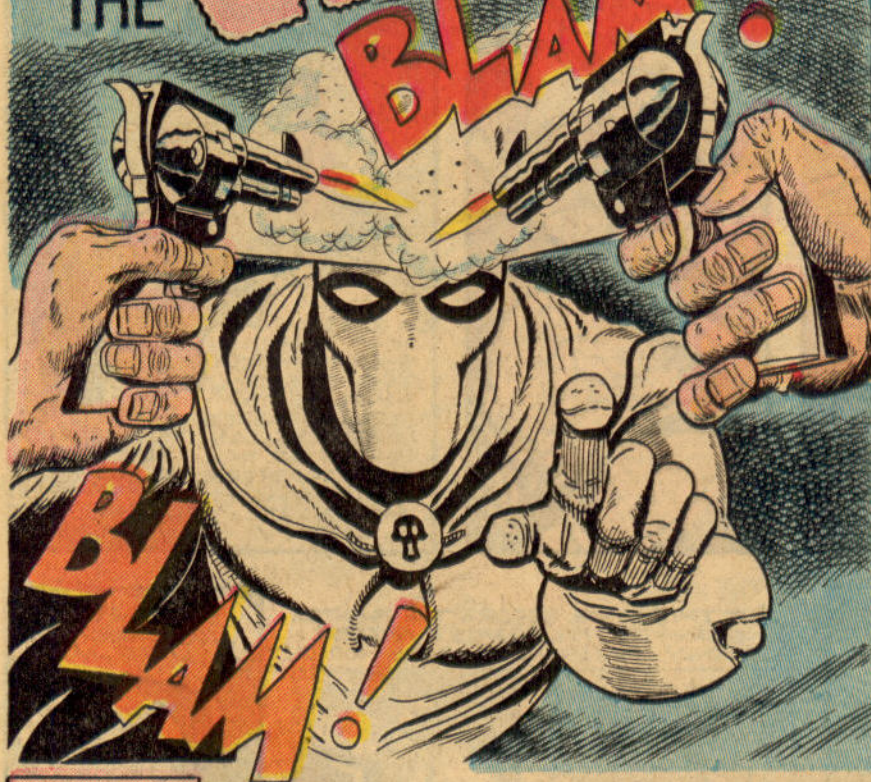
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GHOST RIDER

THE

BLAM!



FIRST THERE WAS THE CHOKING SMELL OF BRIMSTONE THEN OUT OF NOTHINGNESS, THE EERILY SHINING HANDS APPEARED— AND THE HANDS ALWAYS HELD **BLAZING GUNS!** THE VICTIMS CRIED OUT IN TERROR— THEN CRUMPLED, DEAD, TO THE GROUND...! ONLY THE GHOST RIDER HAD THE NERVE AND KNOW-HOW TO GIVE COMBAT TO

The
PHANTOM GUNS
of
FEATHER GAP!

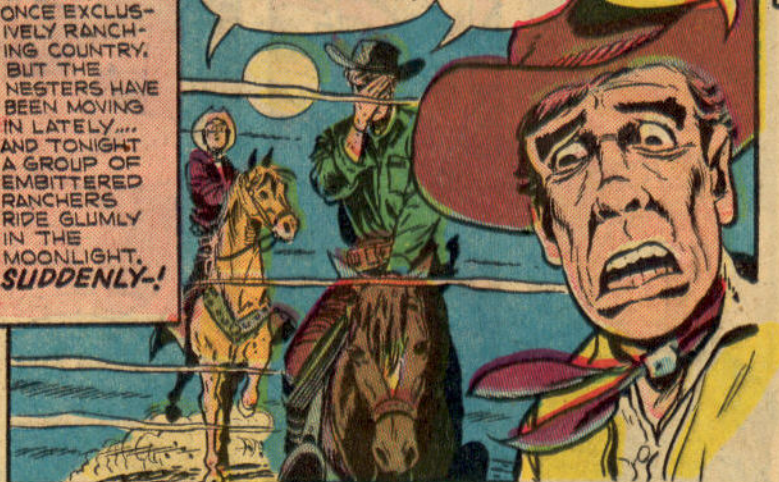
FEATHER GAP LIES IN THE HEART OF WHAT WAS ONCE EXCLUSIVELY RANCHING COUNTRY. BUT THE NESTERS HAVE BEEN MOVING IN LATELY... AND TONIGHT A GROUP OF EMBITTERED RANCHERS RIDE GLUMLY IN THE MOONLIGHT. **SUDDENLY—!**

SNIFF! SNIFF! DOES ANYBODY ELSE SMELL SUMP'THIN' LIKE BRIMSTONE...?

M-MY EYES! I KIN HARDLY SEE...!

LOOK! THUH PHANTOM GUNS!

OUT OF NOTHINGNESS THEY APPEAR, BRINGING WITH THEM STARK TERROR



TIM HOLT



TH-THEY'RE GONE!
THEY SORTA MELTED
INTO THIN AIR!! I
STILL CAIN'T BELIEVE...
WHUT I SAW WITH MY
OWN EYES...

THAT MAKES
THE **FOURTH**
RANCHER TO GO
THIS WAY INSIDE
OF SIX MONTHS...
WHUT ARE
WE GONNA DO
ABOUT IT...?



BUT WHAT CAN BE DONE AGAINST
A PAIR OF PHANTOM GUNS THAT
DISSOLVE INTO BLACKNESS AFTER
DEALING DEATH ...?

**TWO
WEEKS
LATER—**

IF YUH ASK ME,
THUH **NESTERS**
ARE BEHIND ALL
THESE KILLIN'S.
THEY MUST HAVE
A WITCH OR
SUMPHTHIN' WORKIN'
FER THEM...!
SNIFF -
SNIFF...!



THAT'S WHUT THUH SHERIFF THINKS TOO. BUT HIS HANDS'RE TIED BECAUSE THERE'S NEVER NO CLUES LEFT AFTER THUH GUNS DISAPPEAR... WHUT'RE YUH SNIFFIN' AT, LUKE?!



IT'S
BRIMSTONE-
AN' THAR'S
THUH
GUNS!

BUT THIS TIME, BEFORE THE PHANTOM GUNS CAN FIRE, THE GHOST RIDER SUDDENLY APPEARS ON A NEARBY RIDGE!

FLY TRUE, WHIP
OF JUSTICE —
STRIKE DOWN
THE PHANTOM
GUNS WHOSE
EVIL BLASTS
HAVE DRAWN ME
TO THIS
TERRITORY...!



GHOST RIDER!
YUH SAVED OUR
LIVES ...!

WHERE IS
THE OWNER
OF THE
HANDS?
I HEARD
HIS CRY OF
ANGUISH
AS MY WHIP
STRUCK.



THUH
GUNS AND
THUH HANDS
MELTED INTO
THIN AIR —
LIKE THEY
ALWAYS DO...



WE'VE BEEN HOPIN' YUH'D COME BEFORE THOSE GUNS KILLED ALL US RANCHERS...

THEN IT IS **ONLY RANCHERS** WHOM THEY HAVE BEEN ATTACKING?!



THET'S RIGHT... AND THET'S WHAT MAKES US SO SURE THAT **NESTERS** ARE TO BLAME!

THEY'VE BEEN SETTLIN' ON OUR GRAZIN' LAND, AN' NOW THEY'RE TRYIN' TO SCARE US PLUMB OUTTA THUH TERRITORY...



"WE'VE RAIDED BACK AN' FORTH" AND LOTS OF MEN — BOTH THEM AND US — HAVE DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON..."



"BUT LATELY THESE PHANTOM GUNS'VE COME INTO PLAY — AN' ONLY AGAINST US! I DON'T MIND TELLIN' YUH... WE'RE AT THUH END OF OUR PATIENCE! WE'RE THINKIN' OF **DECLARIN' WAR**..."



"THE NEXT NIGHT, THE GHOST RIDER SHOWS UP AT THE LOCAL SHERIFF'S OFFICE — AS **REX FURY**, FEDERAL MARSHAL."

ONLY CLUE SO FAR IS THET SMELL OF BRIMSTONE THET MAKES EVERYBODY'S EYES TEAR JIST BEFORE THUH GUNS BEGIN BLASTIN'. I'VE GONE OVER THUH GROUND AFTER EVERY KILLIN' — AN' HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND A SINGLE CLUE...



HMMM — SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M LOOKING AT A CLUE RIGHT NOW —

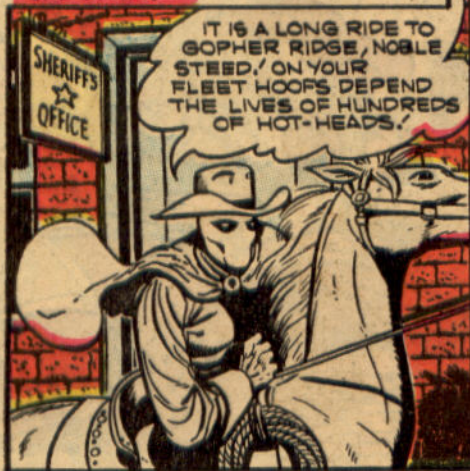
SHERIFF!
SHERIFF!
THAR'S GONNA BE GALLONS OF BLOOD SPILT TONIGHT!!



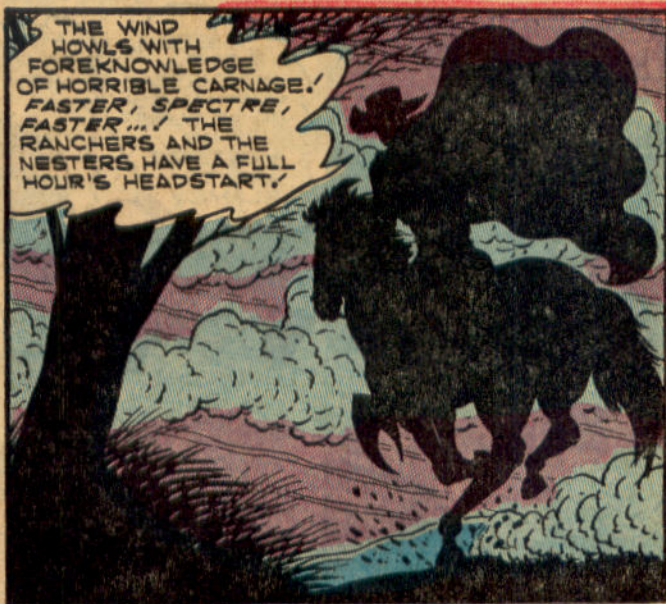
THUH RANCHERS AN' THUH NESTERS DECLARED **WAR**! ALL OF 'EM, ARMED TO THUH TEETH, ARE RIDIN' HARD OUT TO THUH PRAIRIE LAND WEST OF GOPHER RIDGE — THAT'S WHAR THUH BATTLE'S GONNA BE! IF THEY'RE NOT STOPPED, THAR'LL BE MORE THAN A HUNDRED DAID BY THUH TIME THUH MORNING COMES.

THUH CRAZY GALOOTS! BUT WHUT KIN I DO...?

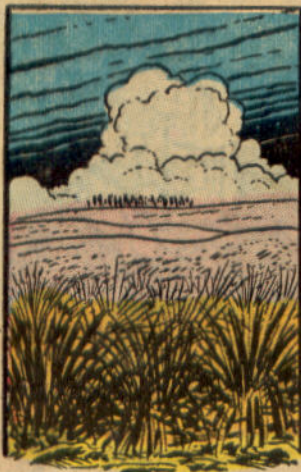
THE SHERIFF STAYS BEHIND IN A FORLORN ATTEMPT TO CONTACT FEDERAL TROOPS — BUT FURY, EFFECTING A LIGHTNING (AND UNWITNESSED) CHANGE, MOUNTS SPECTRE.



THE WIND HOWLS WITH FOREKNOWLEDGE OF HORRIBLE CARNAGE. *FASTER, SPECTRE, FASTER...* THE RANCHERS AND THE NESTERS HAVE A FULL HOUR'S HEADSTART.



THE TALL GRASS ON THE PRAIRIE WEST OF GOPHER RIDGE, RUSTLES OMINOUSLY IN THE NIGHT...



... AS THE THUNDEROUS HOOPS OF THE APPROACHING "ARMIES" RUMBLE CLOSER AND CLOSER ...



"RANCHERS' MOUTHS ARE SET GRIMLY, DEEP LINES GROOVE THEIR TAUT CHEEKS..."

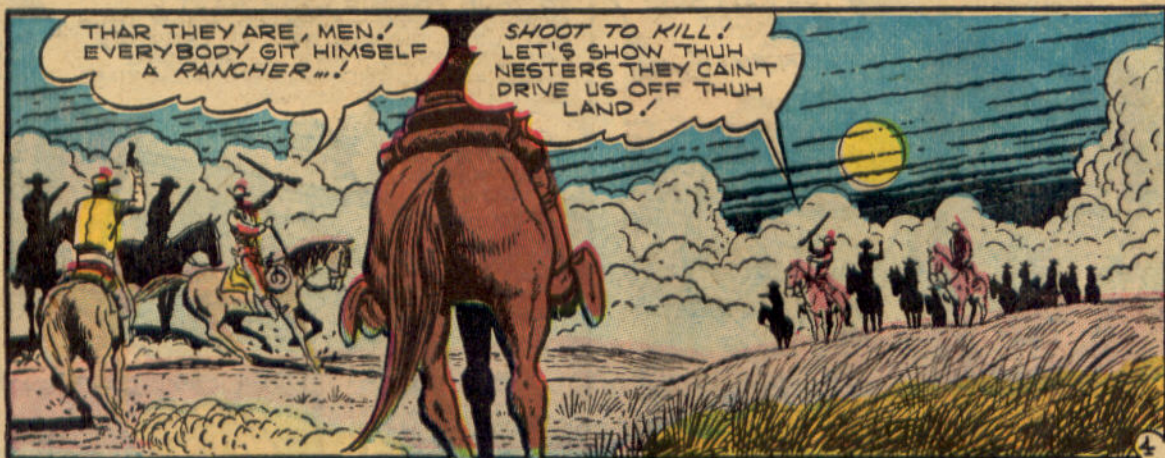


CLOSER THEY COME... *CLOSER...* TO THE PRAIRIE THAT THEY AIM TO BATHE IN BLOOD.

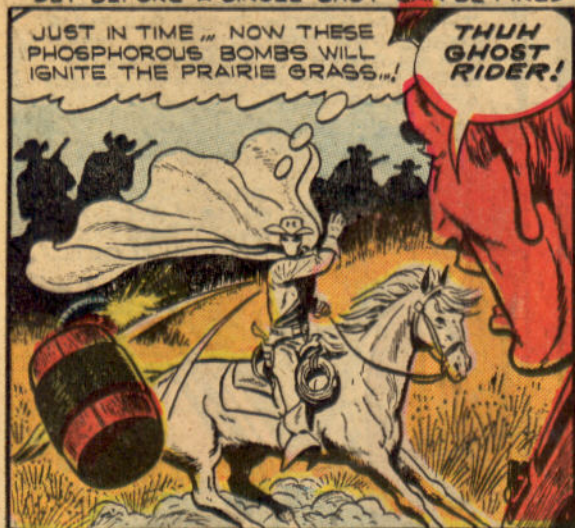


THAT THEY ARE, MEN, EVERYBODY GIT HIMSELF A RANCHER...

SHOOT TO KILL! LET'S SHOW THUH NESTERS THEY CAINT DRIVE US OFF THUH LAND!



BUT BEFORE A SINGLE SHOT CAN BE FIRED—!



JUST IN TIME ... NOW THESE PHOSPHOROUS BOMBS WILL IGNITE THE PRAIRIE GRASS...

THUH GHOST RIDER!

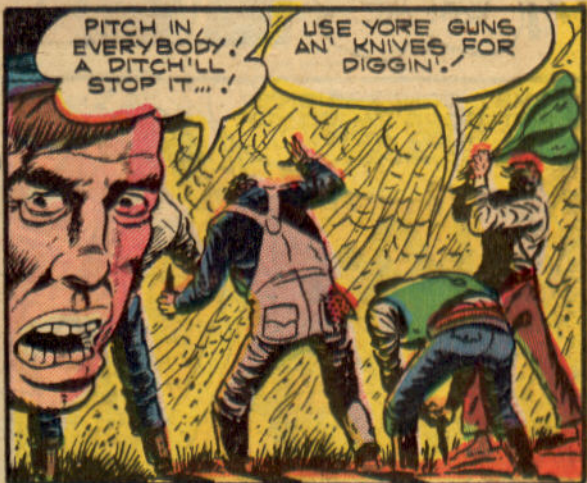


... AND SET UP AN IMPASSABLE FIERY WALL BETWEEN THE RANCHERS AND THE NESTERS !!

FOR A LONG MOMENT, THE MEN WATCH THE CRACKLING GRASS...

IF WE DON'T DO SUMPTIN' SOON, THUH WHOLE PRAIRIE'S GONE 'TA GO UP IN SMOKE...

RANCHERS AND NESTERS HATE EACH OTHER ... BUT THEY BOTH LOVE THE WESTERN LAND! AND WHAT WAS TO BE A BLOODY BATTLE, TURNS INTO A JOINT EFFORT TO FIGHT FIRE!



PITCH IN EVERYBODY! A DITCH'LL STOP IT ...!

USE YORE GUNS AN' KNIVES FOR DIGGIN'!

LATER, THE TWO "ARMIES" FACE EACH OTHER AGAIN ACROSS A NARROW STRIP OF CHARRED GROUND ...

WE STILL HATE YORE GUTS — AN' WE AIM TO DRIVE YUH OUTTA HERE!

WHUT MAKES YUH THINK WE'VE TAKEN A SUDDEN LIKIN' TO YOU?

STOP!

ALL I ASK IS TWO HOURS TO BRING IN THE PHANTOM GUNS! IF I HAVE FAILED BY THAT TIME ... THEN YOU CAN RESUME BATTLE!



WE'LL GIVE YUH TWO HOURS — NO MORE 'N THAT! OUR TRIGGER FINGERS ARE MIGHTY ITCHY!

AFTER A HARD RIDE, THE GHOST RIDER BREAKS INTO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!

GREASEPAINT ON THE SHERIFF'S CUFF TOLD ME HE HAD PAINTED OVER THE WOUND MY WHIP INFLECTED ON HIS HAND THE NIGHT BEFORE ...



YOU ARE THE WIELDER OF THE PHANTOM GUNS!

D- DON'T TOUCH ME! I-I'LL CONFESS!

THAT'S GOLD IN THUH LAND WHAR THUH NESTERS'VE SETTLED ... I FIGGERED TO USE THUH BAD FEELINGS BETWEEN THEM AN' THUH RANCHERS TO STIR UP A WAR.

THET WAY I COULD BUY UP THUH LAND MYSELF BEFORE ANYBODY KNEW WHUT WAS GOIN' ON



" I USED NOISELESS BOMBS MADE OF SULPHUR AN' TEAR GAS TO HALF-BLIND THUH RANCHERS. ALL I NEEDED AFTER THAT, WAS A BLACK CAPE COVERIN' EVERYTHIN' BUT MY HANDS



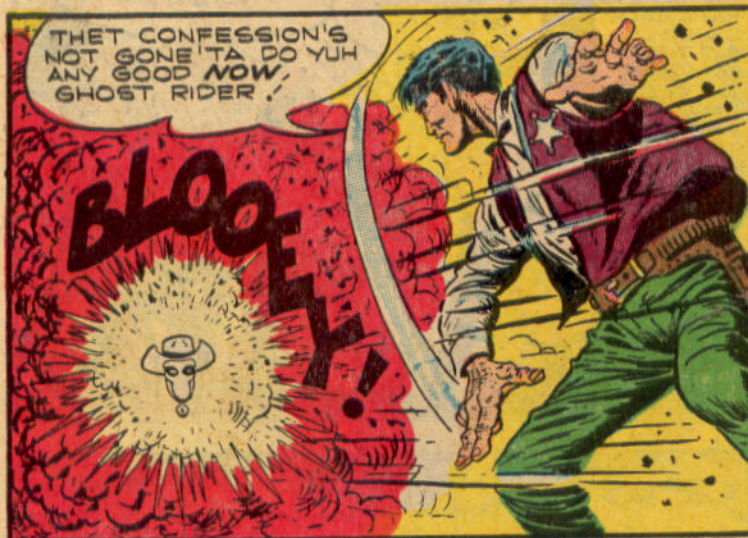
" THEY MISTOOK THUH SULPHUR SMELL FER BRIMSTONE ... BEIN' I'M SHERIFF, I ALWAYS MADE SURE NOBODY FOUND ANY CLUES AFTERWARDS."

THERE'S A BOMB INSIDE THUH DESK DRAWER ... THUH GHOST RIDER CAIN'T SEE ME PULLIN' IT OUT ...!



THET CONFESSION'S NOT GONE TA DO YUH ANY GOOD NOW, GHOST RIDER!

BLOO!



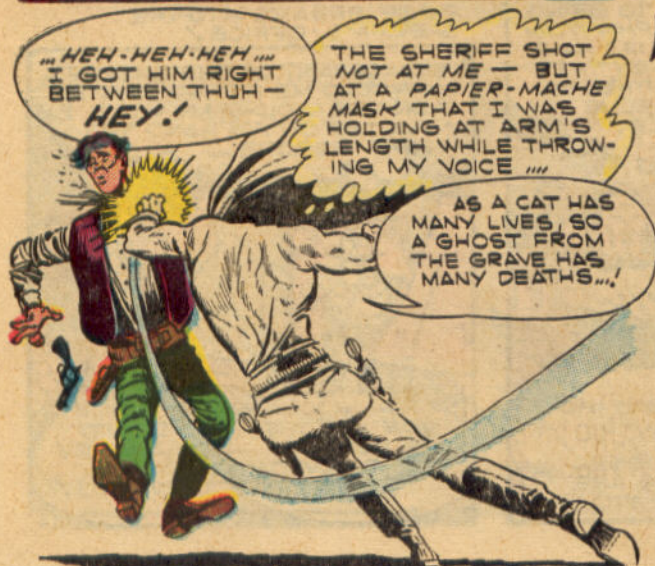
BLAM! BLAM!



" HEH-HEH-HEH ... I GOT HIM RIGHT BETWEEN THUH - HEY!

THE SHERIFF SHOT NOT AT ME - BUT AT A PAPIER-MACHE MASK THAT I WAS HOLDING AT ARM'S LENGTH WHILE THROWING MY VOICE

AS A CAT HAS MANY LIVES, SO A GHOST FROM THE GRAVE HAS MANY DEATHS ...!



WATER -

THUH TERRITORY OWES YUH A LOT FER WHUT YUH DONE FER US TONIGHT, GHOST RIDER ...

YOU OWE ME NOTHING. BUT TO YOURSELVES YOU OWE THE SENSE TO LIVE IN PEACE AND NOT BE SPLIT ASUNDER BY JEALOUSY AND HATRED.!





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TIM HOLT

WITH A WAVE OF HIS HAND, HE CAN CAUSE A MOUNTAIN TO FALL APART—OR A FIRE TO START WITHOUT A MATCH OR A PIECE OF FLINT! WHEN **THE CAPE** COMES ROBBING AND PERFORMING HIS DREAD FEATS OF MAGIC IN BULLET, DEPUTY SHERIFF **TIM HOLT** DISCOVERS THAT HIS GUNS AND HIS FISTS ARE OF LITTLE USE AGAINST THE EERIE POWERS EMPLOYED IN THE—

"Crimes of THE CAPE!"

YOU'RE A FOOL, TIM HOLT! NO MAN STANDS A CHANCE AGAINST THE MAGIC OF—**THE CAPE!**



ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK BOLLE

THE BULLET PALACE IS FILLED TO CAPACITY, FOR ON THE STAGE IS **ELMO THE GREAT**, FAMOUS MAGICIAN...



WITH A WAVE OF HIS HAND, HE DRAWS EVERY EYE IN THE THEATRE—

AND NOW FOR MY NEXT AND GREATEST FEAT OF MAGIC, I COMMAND ALL OF YOU TO REMAIN SEATED. YOU CANNOT MOVE! YOUR BODIES ARE FASTENED TO YOUR SEATS, AND YOU ARE HELPLESS!







TIM HOLT

NEXT EVENING, AS DARKNESS AGAIN SHROUDS THE TOWN OF BULLET—

"NO DOOR CAN STAND AGAINST THE MAGIC OF THE CAPE! NOW TO FILL THE POCKETS OF MY ROYAL ROBE WITH GREENBACKS!"

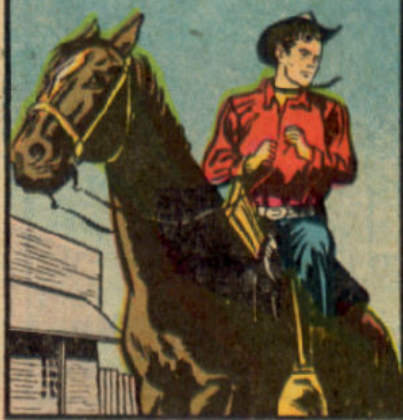


INSET IN HIS BLACK MANTLE ARE CLEVERLY HIDDEN POCKETS, THAT WILL HOLD A LOT OF CASH...



OUTSIDE IN THE STREET—

FUNNY! ED FOGEL MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN TO TURN ON HIS NIGHT LIGHT IN THE BANK! I'LL GO IN AND DO IT FOR HIM!



THE DOOR'S OPEN, TOO, AND—OH! THE CAPE!

WHAT—?



STAND BACK, YOU FOOL! MY MAGIC SUMMONS FIRE FROM THE VERY AIR!

YOUR MAGIC AGAINST MY FISTS—A FAIR MATCH!



BUT EVEN AS TIM HURTTLES FORWARD, THE WOOD AT HIS FEET EXPLODES INTO FLAMES! BEYOND HIM, THE FLOOR ERUPTS WITH FIRE!

Yiii! I NEVER SAW THAT DONE BEFORE! BUT IF THERE ARE FLAMES AROUND ME—THERE ARE FLAMES AROUND THE CAPE! IF I BURN—SO DOES HE!



BUT WHERE THE CAPE RUNS, ONLY COOL WOOD IS UNDERFOOT! NO FIRE TOUCHES HIM!

FLAMES STAND BACK! THE MASTER OF AIR AND FIRE, WATER AND ICE IS PASSING BY!





CHOKING, SLAPPING AT SCORCHING CLOTHING, AND STAGGERING FROM HEAT AND SMOKE, TIM HOLT STAGGERS INTO THE NIGHT...

I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT, BUT HE RANKS WITH THE GREATEST MAGICIANS OF ALL TIME!



TIM!
WHAT
IN
THUNDER
HAPPENED?

THE CAPE
ROBBED THE BANK,
THEN SET IT ON
FIRE—WITH A
WAVE OF HIS
HAND! GUESS I
UNDERESTIMATED
HIM! HE REALLY
CAN PERFORM
MAGIC!

FIRE
UNDER
CONTROL
NOW—
BOYS!



BUT MAYBE I
CAN DO A FEW
TRICKS OF MY
OWN! COME ON,
SHERIFF. LET'S
GET THE EDITOR
TO OPEN UP HIS
NEWSPAPER
OFFICE TO US!

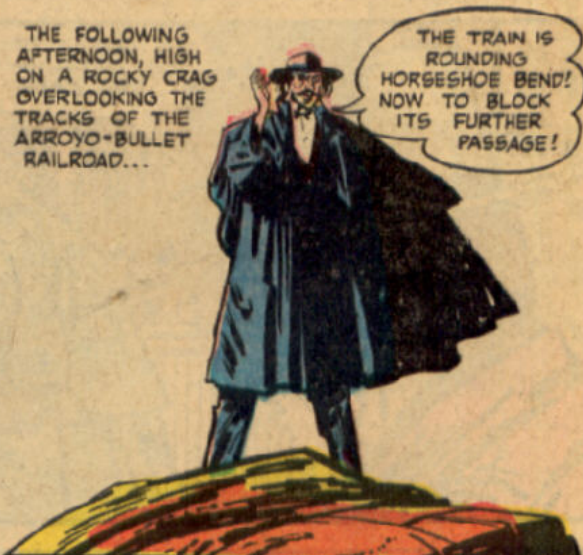
SURE, TIM!
BUT I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU WANT
WITH A
NEWSPAPER
AT A TIME
LIKE THIS!



SOMEWHAT LATER—

THE CAPE WILL ROB A
COUPLE OF MORE TIMES
BEFORE HE'S THROUGH
AROUND HERE. I WANT
TO FIND OUT WHAT WILL
TEMPT HIM NEXT!
AHH—LOOK HERE!

ONLY THING THAT
WOULD TEMPT ME
IS \geq YAWWWWW \leq
MY NICE WARM
BED AGAIN!



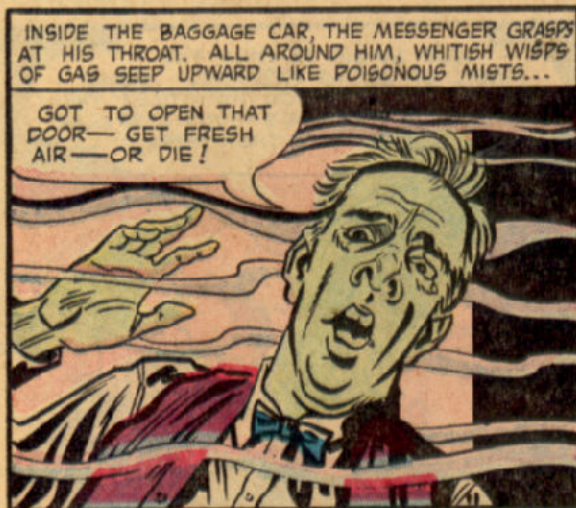
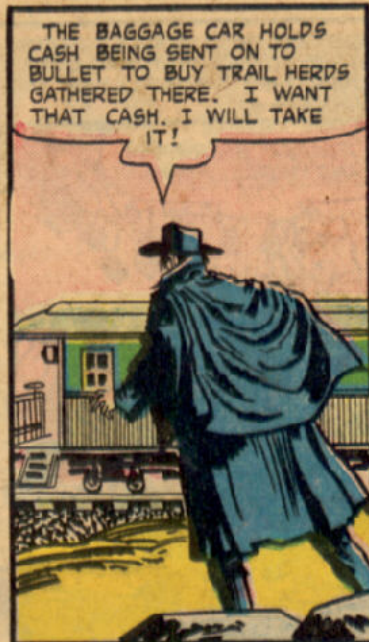
THE FOLLOWING
AFTERNOON, HIGH
ON A ROCKY CRAG
OVERLOOKING THE
TRACKS OF THE
ARROYO-BULLET
RAILROAD...

THE TRAIN IS
ROUNDING
HORSESHOE BEND!
NOW TO BLOCK
ITS FURTHER
PASSAGE!



AS HIS HAND WAVES, A TREMENDOUS
REPORT FILLS THE AIR, THE SIDE OF
A MOUNTAIN RUMBLES AND ROCKS,
AND SHOWERS DEBRIS AND STONES
AND DIRT DOWNWARD IN A MIGHTY
AVALANCHE!

BAAPPOOM!





REDMASK'S CAVE

Dear Redmask,
Who originated the Texas Rangers?

Jerry Hague
Mt. Vernon, Illinois

Dear Jerry,

The Texas Rangers were begun way back in May 1823, before Texas became independent, and long before it became a State! A sergeant and 14 men were hired to fight Indians. When Texas broke from Mexico, the Texas Rangers corps was formally organized, in 1835. Each Ranger was an "army" in himself. One time when a hurry call was sent out for a number of Rangers to quell a huge riot, only one Ranger showed up. When asked why more Rangers had not come, he replied, "You only got one riot, haven't you?"

Redmask

(Lee Kelly of Carthage, Texas, Aurelio Azpaiza of Miami, Florida, and Wayne Ogilvie of Vancouver, British Columbia, want to know why they call a train an "iron horse.")

Dear Lee, Aurelio, and Wayne,

The "iron horse" was the term given to the railroad engine by Indians. To the war-painted savages, who had never seen a railroad train, the only familiar comparison was the horse. So they called the engine an "iron" horse, because it moved and pulled wagons (cars).

Redmask

(George V. Krauss, of Chicago, Illinois, and Charles Gilles, of Abilene, Texas, want to know who was the most famous movie cowboy of all time.)

Dear George and Charles,

Hollywood has had a number of famous cowboy movie stars. The earliest was Bronco Billy Anderson. Ask your grandfather about him. Then there was William S. Hart, Buck Jones, Tom Mix, Ken Maynard, Will Rogers, and Fred Thomson. Ask your Dad about these! Gene Autry and Roy Rogers are the two most famous modern cowboys, though Sunset Carson has been making a name for himself in B pictures. (Modesty forbids us to mention Tim Holt, or his famous dad, Jack Holt.) Now — as to fame — if we judge by their earnings, Tom Mix certainly is far and away the most famous. He earned close to eight million dollars from his western

movies, more than twice his nearest rival. William S. Hart was next, earning four million. Incidentally, Tom Mix was a real cowboy, which may account for his success. (Charles: The name of my horse is Wrangler, a buckskin.)

Redmask

Dear Redmask,

I know you are Tim Holt from reading your book, and I want you to know that Tim is my favorite cowboy, and I would like to know if he is married, and where he lives. Don't forget to answer my questions.

Vesta Mae McCoy
Ozark, Alabama

Dear Vesta Mae,

I surely am happy to hear that Tim is your favorite cowboy. Yes, he is married and lives on his Oklahoma ranch, when he is not travelling with his own rodeo or making movies. (We answer ALL questions, but due to a scarcity of space, some must wait until the next issue. I hope all you boys and girls remember that, and write in, but please be patient!)

Redmask

(Lamar King, of Higgston, Georgia; Keith Rite, of Indianapolis, Indiana; Jessie Logan, of Pelahatchie, Mississippi; and Tom Sneath, of La-Crosse, Wisconsin, want to know some facts about Jesse James: how big he was, how old he was when he died, etc.)

Dear Lamar, Keith, Jessie, and Tom,

Jesse James was shot in the back by Bob Ford on April, 1882. I do not think there is any doubt of his death, for affidavits signed by men who knew him, and by the undertaker who prepared him for burial state that it was Jesse James. It may have been a relative or someone with that name whose death was reported in the paper.

Jesse stood five feet, eleven inches in height, was of husky build, with black hair and blue eyes. His friends nicknamed him Dingus.

Legends have grown up around this outlaw and train robber. He is something of a Robin Hood and a Dick Turpin rolled into one. But first and last, he was an outlaw, a gunman and a thief. Time has been kind to him. Today America looks on him as something of a folk hero.

Redmask

Dear Redmask,

You are a good shooter. So is Tim Holt. I read about longhorn steers coming up the trails of the west, from Texas. Are there any longhorns living today?

Sharon Crawford
Skellytown, Texas

Dear Sharon,

Thank you for the kind words, Sharon. As to the longhorns, their day was ended when other breeds of cattle came into the west and the railroads came with them. The longhorn — whose meat was lean and tough, but who could travel long distances without losing too much beef — had seen his time. Today, the government preserves a few longhorn herds in the Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge.

Redmask

(Both Stanley Zawrithy Jr., of Bath, New York, and David Ripple, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, want to know some facts about Wild Bill Hickok: how old he was when he died, when he was killed, and who shot him.)

Dear Stanley and David,

Wild Bill Hickok — legend says he was the fastest man with a Colt sixgun in the history of the world — died in Deadwood, South Dakota, on August 2, 1876, while playing poker. He was shot in the back by Jack McCall, who sought to gain fame by this coldblooded murder. McCall did get a dubious sort of fame, but he also got a hangman's rope, after a first trial let him go free. Wild Bill was 39 years old when he died, and to this day, the poker hand that Wild Bill held at the time (a pair of aces and a pair of eights with a king) has been called the "dead man's hand.")

Redmask

Dear Redmask,

From what country did palominos first come?

Larry Somers
Moorhead, Montana

Dear Larry,

The palomino horse — a golden horse with a white mane and tail — has not been recognized as a regular breed of horse, though he has been bred in California since 1848. His is a color within different breeds of horses. The first Palomino on record is one (according to the story) which won a prize in 1800 in California as the most beautiful horse in the state, then in Mexican hands.

Redmask

Dear Redmask,

Was Geronimo the most bloodthirsty and meanest of all Indians?

Ronnie Owens
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Dear Ronnie,

Gernomino was certainly bloodthirsty and mean, but I think the palm for these unkindly traits must go to an Apache named Massai. He was a lone wolf, or bronco Apache, and fought a one-man war against Mexico, the United States and his own Apache people! Escaping from a prison train, he carried on his blood vendetta against everybody. In a book that depicts Apache people and character as well as any ever done, Paul I. Wellman tells his story. The name of the book is Broncho Apache.

Redmask

Dear Redmask,

Would you please tell me how the first Indians came to America?

Patsy Somers
Moorhead, Montana

Dear Patsy,

Men who study the races of mankind and their movements across the face of the Earth tell us that at one time there was a land bridge connecting Siberia and Alaska. The Indians are supposed to have come across that land bridge, and down into Canada, the United States, Mexico and South America. As you know, there is a decided Mongolian look — high cheekbones and narrowed eyes — to the Indians, and so it is theorized that they and the Mongols are distantly related. The migrations covered thousands of years, and took in the mysterious Mound Builders, cliff-dwellers, and the Eskimos, as well as the lake and forest Indians like the Shawnees and Mohawks, and the Plains Indians. Scientists have stated that there were Indians in this country over 15,000 years ago! However, they were not the Indians as we know Indians, but their distant forefathers.

Redmask

That's all the space we have right now, boys and girls. But keep writing! Don't worry if we didn't get your letter in this issue — we'll get to it soon! (If you're in a hurry for some information, or want a personal answer, please send in a stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

REDMASK'S CAVE
% Magazine Enterprises
11 Park Place New York 7, N.Y.

In the next issue — all about BILLY THE KID!

TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT

MEX LALLIPOOSA — COOKIE FOR TIM HOLT AND HIS T-BAR-H RANCH — ORDERS A "REAL GONE" SUIT OF LOUD CLOTHES BY MAIL — AND BUYS HIMSELF PLENTY OF TROUBLE! FOR WHEN AN OUTLAW BAND COMES THROWING LEAD AT HIM, ONLY REDMASK DARES STAND AT THE HAIL OF BULLETS, TO LEARN THE GRIM TRUTH BEHIND —

"THE
CRAZY-QUILT SUIT!"

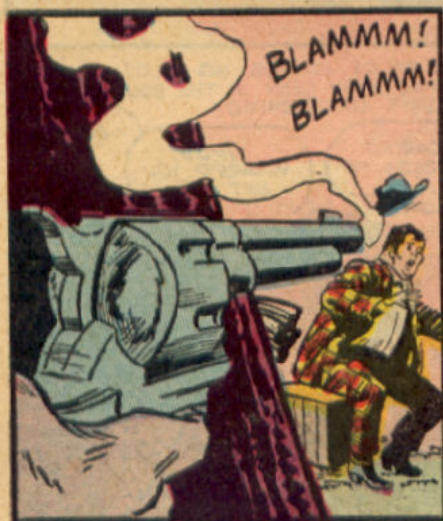


THE PACKAGE CAME TO THE T-BAR-H BUNKHOUSE AT NOON. TEN MINUTES LATER —



BRAVE MEN PALE! HORSES GO WILD! NOTHING LIKE THIS HAS BEEN SEEN IN THE SOUTHWEST SINCE THE DAYS OF GERONIMO!

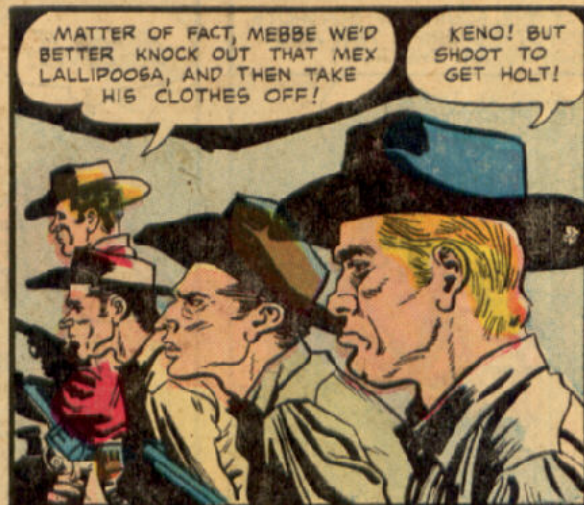




TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT

SOME MINUTES AFTER MEX LALLIPOOSA HEADS FOR HOME, TIM HOLT RACES ACROSS THE PRAIRIE AS **REDMASK!**

THOSE OWLHOOTS HAVE HAD TWO BRUSHES WITH **TIM HOLT**—BUT THEY WON'T BE EXPECTING TROUBLE FROM **REDMASK!**



ACROSS THE SOTOL FLATS BELOW RED BUTTES, THE TRAIL LEADS WESTWARD...



—TO AN OLD BELL TOWER!

INSIDE THE TOWER...

HERE IT IS! THE MAP BUCKSHOT PETE HID IN THESE CLOTHES WHEN THE TEXAS RANGERS CORNERED HIM IN THE ARROYO SECO POST OFFICE!

THEY'RE IN THAT TOWER! IF I CAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH, I CAN LEARN WHY THEY WANT THAT SUIT SO BADLY!



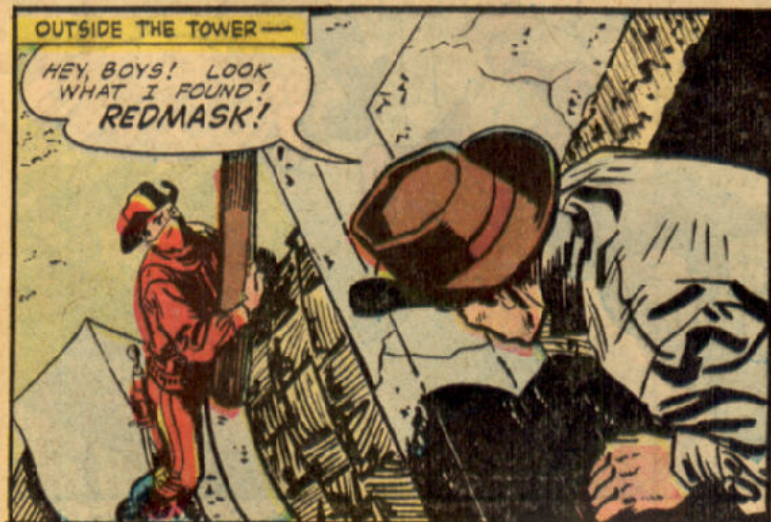
SMART OF PETE TO PUT THIS MAP TO WHERE OUR LOOT IS HIDDEN, IN THE LINING OF THE SUIT. LUCKY FOR US THE SUIT WAS THERE, READY TO BE MAILED ON TO BULLET!

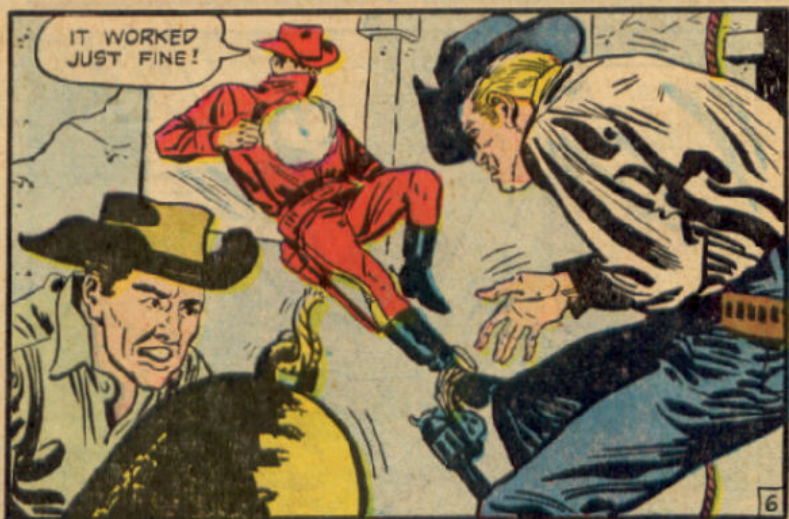
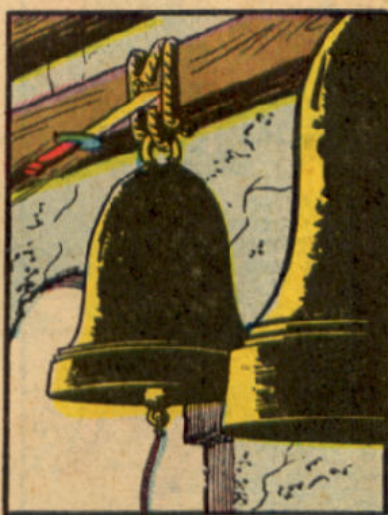
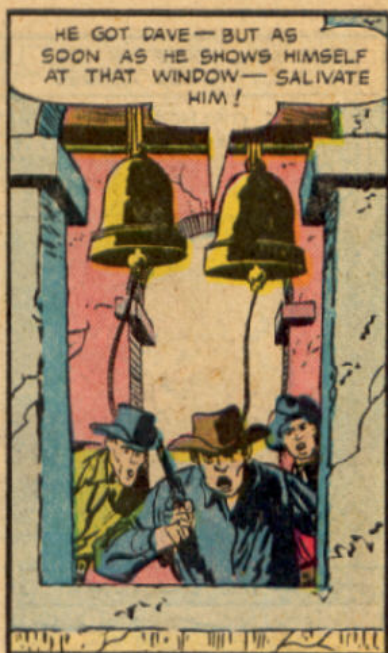
THAT WAY, THE BADGE-WEARERS COULDN'T FIND IT! WHEN THEY GOT PETE—HE MANAGED TO SEND WORD WHERE HE HID IT!



OUTSIDE THE TOWER—

HEY, BOYS! LOOK WHAT I FOUND! **REDMASK!**







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AND
EGG



COW



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MOTHER



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OWNER



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